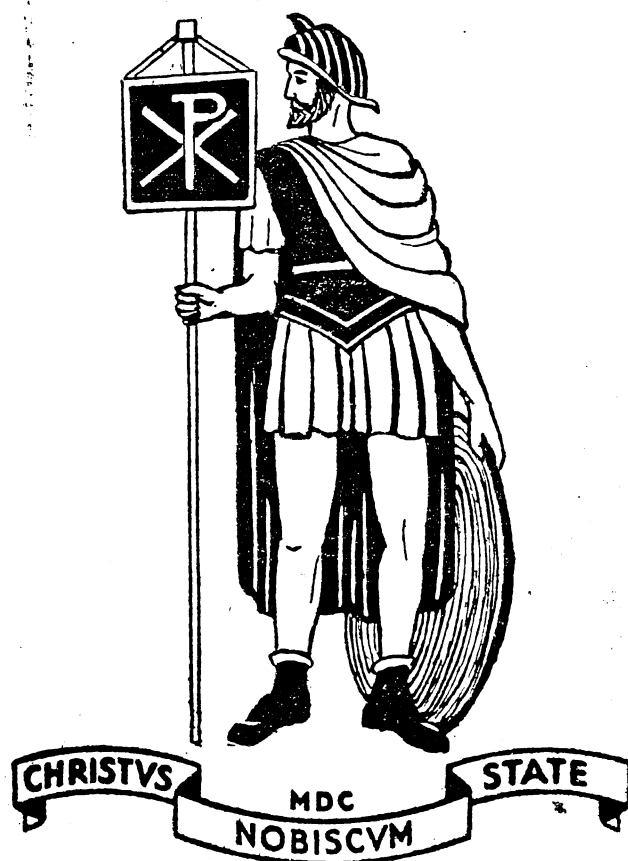


The
Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1945.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 81.

JULY, 1945.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

JOYCE PLESTERS, JOAN HORSEMAN, SHEILA STALLARD,
KATHLEEN HOLMES, EADIE i, GRAY ii, PRESTIDGE.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Commencing this term, the price of the *Record* will be One Shilling. Since 1923 it has appeared each term at the price of Ninepence, but during the last two years this charge has barely covered the cost of production and distribution. Now, with the change of printers this term, the cost of printing has risen considerably and, as it is necessary for the *Record* to be self-supporting, we are reluctantly compelled to increase the price to One Shilling.

A number of Old Scholars to whom we post the *Record* pay in advance, and to them we shall continue to supply it at the old price until their present subscriptions expire. Thereafter subscriptions (payable in advance) from them can be accepted only at the new rate. Those whose subscriptions expire with the present issue will, as usual, find a notification enclosed.

School Register.

Valete.

*Ore, D. (VI), 1938-45.
Dixon, R. E. (Upp. Va), 1940-45.
Hilditch, M. (Upp. Vb), 1942-45.
Villers, A. J. (Upp. Vb), 1936-45.
Bomford, G. L. (Low. Vb), 1940-45.
Hill, G. E. (Trans.), 1940-45.
Smith, E. J. T. (Upp. IVa), 1942-45.
Walker, J. E. (Upp. IVa), 1943-45.
Perkins, B. H. (Upp. IVb), 1942-45.
Lester, J. M. (Low. IVa), 1942-45.
Rosen, R. (Low. IVa), 1944-45.
Vereker, S. P. (Low. IVb), 1938-45.

*Prefect.

Salve.

Hood, D. J. (IIIa).

Old Scholars' News.

In the days before the war, we should at this time of year have been looking forward to meeting many Old Scholars at the summer reunion of the Guild, which normally took place towards the end of July. During the early years of the war, the Guild made valiant efforts to continue to function; but, as the result of the limiting of means of transport, the claims of National Service and the impossibility of maintaining a Committee, the difficulties proved insuperable and it was eventually decided that the activities of the Guild should be suspended until conditions improved. Since the cessation of hostilities in Europe, several inquiries have already been received as to whether there are any definite plans for a revival of the Guild. Now while those members of the Staff who have for long been associated with the Guild would welcome its early revival and would be prepared to assist in giving it a fresh start, they do feel that the matter is one which concerns, first and foremost, the Old Scholars themselves. As there is no Guild Committee left, it would seem necessary, before the Guild can be set working once again, for some representative Old Scholars to call a meeting for the purpose of appointing a new Committee.

Congratulations to L. Earp, who has been awarded the O.B.E. (Military Division).

W. G. Gray is now back in England after four and a half years abroad in the Mediterranean area.

E. Chattaway has also returned to this country after a lengthy period of service in North Africa and Italy.

Sheila Peel is now in Rome.

R. B. Biddle has been promoted to First Lieutenant (R.N.V.R.).

W. T. Rippington, writing from Ceylon, where he is serving as a radio mechanic, speaks of the plentiful supply of pineapples, bananas and mangoes, but complains of the high prices.

V. Chapman has, we understand, gone to headquarters of SEAC.

S. C. Scriven, who was recently home on leave, is a town major in Germany.

Edna Ison is now with the R.A.F. Delegation at Washington.

G. E. Howes has for some time been in Germany.

G. H. Figures is now serving in India.

J. Stewart has been visiting various parts of Australia. Of Sydney he writes that "it is by far the cleanest and most pleasant place that I have ever visited. The harbour has to be seen to be appreciated, it is so huge; and on the Pacific seaboard there are fine bathing beaches where several of us went surf-riding."

Myra Parry (née Jones) informs us that she has temporarily taken up teaching again. She is teaching music and physical training at Stroud.

R. G. Webb commanded the boat which brought back across the Rhine the first German prisoners taken by the naval forces that have entered Germany.

News has been received that S. G. Walker is in hospital suffering from a leg wound sustained in action in Burma.

R. J. Hunt has recently been home on leave after the ship on which he was serving had been torpedoed in waters north of the British Isles. He tells us that, with some other survivors, he was on a raft for four hours before being picked up.

Elizabeth Harris is now a member of the W.R.N.S.

Since last July, D. S. Bailey has been Anglican Chaplain to Edinburgh University.

A. F. Mason has been promoted to the rank of Captain in the R.E.M.E.

P. Rutter, writing from India, describes a journey he made last October into Kashmir: "The latter part of the journey is the most breath-taking I have ever made. There are a

hundred and thirty-four miles of winding and twisting amid the Himalayas by means of a road which is about the width of a car and a half; there are many hairpin bends where one slip would mean a plunge of six thousand feet."

Births.

On March 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Etheridge (née Kathleen Silvester)—a son.

On April 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Beesley (née Joyce Machin)—a son.

On April 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. Avery Hancox—a son.

On April 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley H. Smith (née Gwen Averill)—a daughter.

On May 2nd, to Capt. and Mrs. K. Bailey (née Pat Boshier)—a daughter.

On May 11th, to F/Sgt. and Mrs. T. Bradley—a daughter.

On May 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Daffern (née Hilda Ankorn)—a son.

On May 31st, to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bunting—a son.

On June 9th, to Squadron-Leader and Mrs. D. C. Baylis (née Eileen Lewis)—a daughter.

On June 22nd, to F/O and Mrs. F. Duxbury (née Edith Francis)—a daughter.

Marriages.

On July 10th, 1944, at Steamer Point, Aden, Bernard Jean Riès to Elizabeth Champion (scholar 1939-40).

On July 31st, 1944, at Stratford-on-Avon, Edward B. Riddell to L/c Joan Margaret Bradley, A.T.S., (scholar 1937-41).

On December 4th, 1944, at Stratford-on-Avon, Francis Eric Marshall to Rhoda E. Winwood (scholar 1938-42).

On February 17th, at Handsworth, Squadron-Leader N. Ainsley Cresswell, D.F.C., to Joan Beryl Ayles (scholar 1938-40).

On March 7th, at North Elmsall, Pontefract, Albert William Wyton (scholar 1930-34) to Dorothy Joyce Lakin.

On March 10th, at Studley, Albert F. Taylor (scholar 1932-37) to Dorothy Braziel.

On May 4th, in London, Anthony Brian Kidson to Marjorie Crompton (scholar 1933-41).

On May 30th, at Dartford, Walter George Gray (scholar 1932-38) to Joan Kathleen Pucknell.

On June 16th, at Petworth, Leslie Henderson to Molly Bryan (scholar 1928-35).

Accountancy as a Career.

It has often occurred to me how little the average young person knows as the time for leaving school approaches, of the workaday world into which he or she is about to be plunged. Plunged is the right word, for so many have woefully little idea of how they are going to spend the major part of the remainder of their lives. I do not suggest that a boy does not know the meaning of the profession of an accountant, solicitor or engineer, but what I most certainly know is that very few realise the tedium and hard work necessary in training for any worth-while career. In my own case I was lucky in choosing a vocation which has always appealed to me, but the misery and frustration which can result from the wrong job must be well nigh heartbreaking. Furthermore, no man who is not fond of his work can succeed and, once he is committed, it is often difficult to effect a change. Because I know the supreme importance of the right start, I am writing of one career of which I have had considerable experience—Accountancy—with the hope that what I have to say will prove of interest and value to anyone who feels attracted in that direction.

First let me say that, in my view, brilliance in mathematics is not necessary and may even be a handicap. Much more important is what, for the sake of a better term, I will describe as a commercial mind—the ability quickly to perceive the essentials of a problem—accuracy and the ability to write and speak without the slightest ambiguity and, of course, arithmetical ability are essential. The opportunities for qualified accountants are many and are constantly increasing, but in this article I shall confine myself to what is known as a Practising Accountant, that is, one who, either as a principal or a qualified assistant or clerk, is following the profession of an accountant. His work consists of auditing the books of all types of commercial enterprise, making up accounts periodically and computing the taxation liabilities of both businesses and individuals, acting as Secretary to Limited Companies and generally advising his various clients. In fact, if the professional accountant knows his job, there is hardly any business problem on which his client will not seek his help.

The profession is now very specialised and, of course, adequate training and qualification is important. The foremost qualification is admission to the Institute of Chartered Accountants, and every person desirous of becoming a Chartered Accountant must enter into Articles of Clerkship with a member of the Institute in practice in England or Wales for five years. In the case of graduates of a University of the United Kingdom, the period of service under Articles is reduced to three years. Every person desirous of becoming an Articled Clerk must, before Articles of Clerkship can be entered into, be in possession of either—

- (a) A Certificate of having passed the Preliminary Examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants; or
- (b) A Certificate from the Institute of having been exempted therefrom.

Exemption from the Preliminary Examination will be granted—

- (1) To graduates of any University of the United Kingdom.
- (2) To any person who has passed the Matriculation Examination of the University of London or Wales, or the joint Matriculation Board of the Universities of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield and Birmingham, provided that it is shown that the person who

has passed the examination has satisfied the examiners in the subject of Mathematics, or the School Certificate Examination, provided that the standard attained is shown by the Certificate to be a " Pass with Credit " in at least five subjects (passed at the same examination) one of which shall be mathematics.

After the expiration of half of the term of service under Articles, the clerk must present himself for the Intermediate Examination of the Institute and after the expiration of the full term, for his Final Examination, after the passing of which he is a qualified Chartered Accountant. That, very briefly, is the programme, and its successful conclusion entails much study. I should add here that post-war plans envisage certain alterations, but obviously they will not be in the direction of reducing the training or lowering the examination standards.

During office hours the Articled Clerk will have his duties to do in the office of his principal, and his extensive studies will have to be conducted during his spare time. Whilst he will learn much in the office, the examinations have become so specialised and of such a high standard that he will find it essential to undergo a properly planned programme of spare time study, and this is usually done under the direction of Correspondence Courses. It will thus be seen that the would-be Chartered Accountant must be blessed with determination, good health, and the ability to stick at a good deal of monotonous routine. The ultimate goal is worth it, but it really is hard work.

During the first year or two it is not uncommon for an Articled Clerk in a fairly large office to spend weeks checking postings and additions, and whilst modern office mechanisation has reduced some of the detail, nevertheless, although the accountancy student may not at the time appreciate it, much sheer slogging is still necessary. Even after the longed-for days of qualification have arrived and the Accountant is established, either in practice for himself or as a senior member of an audit staff, his work will still call for exacting toil and concentration.

I hope I have not drawn too sombre a picture and so discouraged any would-be Accountant among my readers, but I have often felt that too little is known of the actual job before the decision to embark upon it is made. How often is the Chartered Accountant depicted as a financial wizard who

spends his time at Board Meetings, smoking a big cigar and previously fortified by a large lunch. In actual fact things to-day are very different, but for the boy or girl with ability who is prepared to sacrifice sport, leisure, love even, for a few years, the rewards are substantial and very very worthwhile.

It will be understood that I have outlined very briefly only, the training and course necessary to qualify as a Chartered Accountant, but I should be happy to give further advice and assistance to anyone interested in Accountancy who cares to get into touch with me.

B. WALKER.

Notes and News.

The opening of the Summer Term was postponed from Tuesday, April 24th, to Monday, April 30th owing to the builders not having completed alterations to the Mistresses' Study.

On Thursday, March 23rd, a short talk to the Upper School on the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society was given by the Rev. J. A. Thompson, Vicar of Arrow, who afterwards led a discussion for the Sixth Form on the subject of "Miracles."

The Cross Country races were run over the usual courses on Monday, March 5th, the senior event being won for the second year in succession by Gray ii.

The Mile took place on the hockey field on Friday, March 23rd, the winner being Hillman, who also won the race last year.

Congratulations to Joyce Plesters, who has been awarded an Exhibition in Chemistry at the Royal Holloway College (London University).

This term we welcome to the Staff Miss G. S. Tongue, who is teaching Domestic Science.

At the end of term, Miss R. F. Mullens is leaving to take up another appointment.

The School was closed on VE Day and the following day, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 8th and 9th.

The Whitsuntide holidays were Monday and Tuesday, May 21st and 22nd.

On Sports Day, Thursday, June 7th, the crowd of spectators was very little short of the average pre-war crowd, and the recent restoration of the basic petrol ration gave many living at a distance an opportunity of attending. Among the spectators were a large number of Old Scholars. The day itself was the only fine one in a very rainy week.

Half Term was Friday, June 8th.

We wish to acknowledge a gift of five books to the school library by Baylis ii.

On Wednesday, May 2nd, members of the Dramatic Society, with Miss Mullens, Miss Hicks and Mr. Druller paid a visit to the Stratford Memorial Theatre to see "Much Ado About Nothing." The majority of the party cycled, and on the return journey encountered heavy storms of rain and sleet.

At the closing assembly of last term, hockey colours were presented to J. Prosser, S. Woolley and S. Summerhill; football colours were presented to Clark and Cook.

The Oxford Examinations began on Monday, July 2nd. The German Oral Examination had already been held on Monday, May 7th, the examiner being Mr. Baier; the French Oral Examinations had been conducted on Friday, June 1st, by Dr. Ritchie.

The new canteen has this term been brought into regular use, though, as the equipment for cooking is still incomplete, it has not yet entirely superseded the old dining room. For the present, one sitting only takes place each day in the canteen; the second sitting still takes place in the dining room and those having cold dinners are accommodated in the same rooms as last term. It is hoped that very soon all those having school dinners, whether hot or cold, will be able to be accommodated in the canteen.

Mr. L. T. Jackson writes from the Mediterranean area that he is looking forward to returning to Alcester, but has as yet no idea of when he is likely to be back at A.G.S.

On Wednesday, June 27th, a party of the Upper Fifth with Miss Hicks and Mr. Druller journeyed to Stratford to attend a matinee of "Romeo and Juliet."

Mrs. E. M. Coomber left at Half Term. Since that time her classes have been taken by Mary Goodall.

On Friday, June 22nd, an interesting talk on "Burma" was given by Major Vaughan to scouts, cadets and some senior girls.

By winning the Victor Ludorum Cup three years in succession, Hillman has equalled the record of W. Heard (the winner in 1917, 1918, 1919) and F. Bunting (the winner in 1922, 1923, 1924).

Mary Goodall has presented a book to the history library.

Congratulations to Burns, who has been awarded a County Major Scholarship by the Worcestershire County Council.

In accordance with the provisions of the Education Act, tuition fees were abolished at Alcester Grammar School from April 1st, 1945. From the beginning of this term, text books and such materials as mathematical instruments and paint boxes are loaned free to pupils. Each term a charge of 2/6 towards a School Club Fund is being made to each pupil; this fund is intended to finance games, school societies, lectures, etc., which lie outside the scope of free provision under the Education Act.

Cinderella.

(A fairy story re-written for the Modern Child).

Once in our own time there lived a little girl called Cinderella. Her real name was Ella but her step-sisters, who were very unkind, used to call her Cinderella because, when everyone was asked to save fuel, Ella used always to sort out the cinders from the ashes in the grate and save them to light the fire the following morning. Now Cinderella was very sweet natured. She never used to elbow people in 'bus queues or bribe the grocer for oranges off the ration. But she was not very happy because her two step-sisters were very dominant personalities, and this had given her an inferiority complex.

Now the step-sisters were a constant source of anxiety to Cinderella's father, for because they had a taste for cream buns and ostentatious dress, they were always trying to squeeze more money out of him. The war was really a very good thing for him, because he obtained a high-up post in the Black Market. The sisters were then able to live in expensive hotels and consequently to preserve a well-fed or even over-stuffed appearance, in spite of food rationing.

Now at the time of our story the family was staying at Bath, where the father was recovering from one of his attacks of gout. One tea time a statement was made on the News which caused the step-sisters to choke on their cream buns in panic. Mr. Bevin was going to conscript all young—and not so young women—for war work! “Of course, *we* can't go,” said the sisters. “We must stay and look after poor dear father.” Really they didn't care a brass button for their step-father. “There is nothing to stop Cinders from being called up, though,” said the elder step-sister. And so it was that Cinderella worked valiantly in an aircraft factory during most of the war.

When VE Day eventually came the step-sisters made even more perfect pigs of themselves at the festivities than usual, while Cinderella enjoyed herself in her own quiet way. After VE and VE plus 1 day she went to work as usual. Now a Grand Victory Ball was to be held in the town a short time after that. The step-sisters borrowed all Cinderella's clothing coupons and spent pounds on non-Utility ball dresses. On the night of the ball, Cinderella felt so miserable. She did want to go to the ball, but she simply hadn't a thing to wear. She was just considering the prospect of a bread and National household milk supper, when who should walk in but her fairy godmother. She, because she was a member of the W.V.S., knew exactly what to do in such a situation. She brandished the latest Make-do and Mend leaflet, “New Dresses for Old,” and in a twinkling of an eye had produced a ravishing party dress from a pair of old curtains and half of Cinderella's father's shirt. While Cinderella was putting it on, she went out, waved her magic wand and summoned up a taxi, then squandered her last two coupons on the gayest pair of wooden-soled sandals money could buy. When Cinderella was stepping into the taxi, the fairy godmother, who was also the departmental manager, uttered this warning, “Remember, you must be back when the clock strikes midnight, in time for the night shift.”

Cinderella rode in state to the ball. Whom should she dance with but the hero of the moment, a glamorous Tory Reformer! He was so pleased at the intelligent way she conversed on the merits of private enterprise, he had almost made up his mind to marry her. Just at that moment, however, the clock struck twelve and Cinderella had to rush off to work in such a haste she dropped her wooden-soled sandal on the stairs.

Now the Tory Reformer picked it up and kept it, thinking it would help him to trace Cinderella. Then because he liked to combine business with pleasure, and he was putting up as a candidate in the General Election, he thought he would make his plan to find Cinderella a part of his election campaign. All ladies who promised to vote for him were to be allowed to try on the sandal, and the first lady whom it fitted might have it, together with a pair of fully-fashioned silk stockings put in as an added attraction. Now this was hardly fair, for the Tory Reformer knew that Cinderella had a smaller foot than any other lady he knew, and moreover, had not told anyone there was only one sandal, not a pair. But all's fair in love, war and General Elections, so he announced his plan on the wireless after his election speech.

Of course, the sandal only fitted Cinderella, but the beautiful wedding that followed, also made part of the election campaign, only further popularised the Tory Reformer's cause. What happened to the ugly sisters? They were so disappointed they felt the only thing left for them to do was to embark on a Government short course for the Training of Domestic Servants, in which capacity they became horribly efficient.

R. J. PLESTERS (VI).

Much Lamented.

I write this in the memory
Of one, so very dear to me.
He shared my fortunes, and I shared his fears,
And now he's gone, shall I begrudge him tears?
He faithful was alway,
And now I shall essay
To write this verse in praise of him
Who followed me through thick and thin;
And never once from my side did he stray,
Till age told him he could no longer stay.

So now, worn out with cheerful toil,
He shuffled off this earthly coil;
And he that served me well, is now at rest,
But leaves a gnawing pain within my breast.
For I wept, when, at last,
This world he left, and passed
Beyond the reach of mortal ken;
From dust, to dust returned again.
'Twas on a Summer's day I heard the news,
That he'd been burned,—with other ancient shoes.

GRAY ii (Upper Va).

My Pleasure.

In fine embroidery I find
So much of ease and gladness;
It seems to rest my tired mind
And soothe my spirit's sadness.
Sometimes I work alone, and know
That in each fresh design,
Not only coloured threads I'll sew
But fancies that are mine.
And friends who see the finished piece
Admire my colour-schemes,
And never know that I have stitched
A hiding-place for dreams,
And nobody will guess that when
Some flower I work with care,
I thread together broken hopes
And mend my heartache there.

BRENDA MITCHELL (Lower Vb).

Sports Day, 1945.

The Thirty-second Annual Sports Day was held on Thursday, June 7th, and was witnessed by a large number of spectators. In striking contrast to last year many cars were to be seen parked on the girls' playing field. The weather was traditionally fine, and although all the races were keenly contested, the relay race was, undoubtedly, the most exciting and fiercely fought event of the day.

The girls gave a short display of gymnastics on the front tennis court, which proved of much interest to both visitors and pupils. Miss Flynn was responsible for the preparation and organisation of the display.

We tender our thanks to Mr. Thornton for his untiring efforts in preparing the field and setting up the various objects for the obstacle race. We also thank the stewards, judges, and their assistants who helped to make the actual day so successful.

The final assembly for the distribution of the prizes was held on the boys' playing field, close to the recently completed canteen. Mr. G. R. Mason, the Chairman of the Governors, presented the medals and shields to the successful competitors. The sports shield was won by the Brownies, who have now held it for the last five years. Hillman secured the Victor Ludorum Cup for the third successive time; we heartily congratulate him on his well-deserved success.

A very enjoyable afternoon was brought to a close with the singing of the school song and National Anthem.

The results were as follows:—

SENIORS (over 14).

100 yards.—1 Hillman, 2 Cook, 3 Toye, 4 Mortimer.
 220 yards.—1 Hillman, 2 Cook, 3 Toye, 4 Stone i.
 440 yards.—1 Hillman, 2 Hadwen i, 3 Gray ii, 4 Mortimer.
 Half-mile.—1 Moizer, 2 Gray ii, 3 Clark, 4 McCarthy i.
 Hurdles.—1 Cook, 2 Hillman, 3 Stone i, 4 McCarthy i.
 Slow Bicycle.—1 Clark, 2 Toye, 3 Cale, 4 Dew i.
 Obstacle.—1 Cook, 2 McCarthy i, 3 Cale, 4 Hadwen i.
 High Jump.—1 Cook, 2 Hillman, 3 Pace i, 4 Gray ii.
 Cross Country.—1 Gray ii, 2 McCarthy i, 3 Clark, 4 Budden.
 The Mile.—1 Hillman, 2 Gray ii, 3 Budden, 4 Moizer.
 Long Jump.—1 Cook, 2 Hillman, 3 Moizer, 4 Budden.
 Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1 Cook and Stone i, 3 Toye, 4 Stevenii.

JUNIORS (12—14).

100 yards.—1 Welch, 2 Cresswell, 3 Woodfield, 4 Brookes.
 220 yards.—1 Welch, 2 McCarthy ii, 3 Woodfield, 4 Brookes.
 Half-mile.—1 Woodfield, 2 McCarthy ii, 3 Marshall, 4 Savage i.
 Hurdles.—1 Welch, 2 Cresswell, 3 Woodfield, 4 McCarthy ii.
 Obstacle.—1 Welch, 2, Savage i, 3 McCarthy ii, 4 Blundell ii.
 Slow Bicycle.—1 Fancutt, 2 Blundell ii, 3 Welch, 4 Kinnersley.
 High Jump.—1 Woodfield, 2 Welch, 3 McCarthy ii, 4 Holifield.
 Cross Country.—1 Woodfield, 2 Savage i, 3 McCarthy ii, 4 Blundell ii.
 Long Jump.—1 Woodfield, 2 Welch, 3 Baylis ii, 4 Cresswell.
 Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1 Woodfield, 2 Baylis ii, 3 Welch, 4 Fancutt.

JUNIORS (under 12).

100 yards.—1 Hitchings, 2 Paddock, 3 Smalley, 4 Hill ii.
 Obstacle.—1 Hitchings, 2 Savage ii, 3 Yeomans ii, 4 Burden i.
 Egg and Spoon.—1 Smalley, 2 Savage ii, 3 Montgomery, 4 Hill ii.
 Sack.—1 Savage ii, 2 Hill ii, 3 Smalley, 4 Burden i.
 50 yards (Low. Rem.).—1 Stone ii, 2 Burden ii, 3 Weaver, 4 J. Kinnersley.
 Three-Legged.—1 Montgomery and Burden i, 2 Feast and Burden ii, 3 Yeomans ii and Young, 4 Stone ii and Weaver.
 Skipping (Girls).—1 A. Weaver, 2 A. Stone, 3 S. Thompson, 4 J. Carlyle.

OTHER EVENTS.

Tug-of-War.—Brownies beat Tomtits.
 Relay Race.—1 Brownies, 2 Tomtits, 3 Jackals.

The following presentations were made:—

Victor Ludorum Cup.—Hillman (75 points).

Silver Medals.—Moizer, Cook, Gray ii, Welch, Woodfield, McCarthy ii.

Bronze Medals.—Toye, Clark, Hadwen i, Stone i, McCarthy i, Cresswell, Savage i, Hitchings.

Sports Shield.—Brownies (414 points). Jackals scored 285 points, and Tomtits 224 points.

D.G.M.

Sports Day Indoors.

The Arts and Crafts exhibition was again the centre of great attraction to many visitors on Sports Day. In spite of the increasing difficulty in obtaining suitable materials, the standard of the work was on the whole better than last year and the entries were just as varied and numerous.

In the History Room the historical dolls, although very good, were few in number, but this was counter-balanced by a great number of models, some of which were awarded special prizes. There were three dolls dressed by girls of the three sides, the Jackals' doll being ingeniously dressed in school uniform.

The Art Competitions again proved to be a popular feature this year. Salt sculpture was successfully introduced for the first time, and there was also a good display of soap models, posters, illustrations, self portraits and potato cuts.

The soft toys and the gloves were a credit to the teaching of Mrs. Hunt, and I know that all the girls are very grateful for her help and instruction.

In the History Room there was a display of work done by old scholars, setting a very high standard for present scholars to compete with.

The trophy, presented every year by Miss Evans, was won by Brenda Mitchell for the second year in succession.

The following received medals:—

Silver Medals.—J. Plesters, E. Rose, J. Lane, J. Pavey, B. Mitchell, M. Layton, S. Shore, D. Rose, S. Goulbourne, M. Canning, B. Waddams, A. Hemming, Gittus, McCarthy i.

Bronze Medals.—B. Black, J. Asbury, V. Stallard, K. Holmes, D. Thompson, B. Whitehead, M. Rowland, V. Smith, A. Montgomery, S. Johnson, A. Perkins, Dowdeswell, Haywood, Nunn.

The Arts and Crafts Shield was won by the Jackals with 2,316 points; the Tomtits were second with 2,093 points, and the Brownies third with 1,822 points.

Z.M.M.

Olla Podrida.

Mary, Queen of Scots, went to France (we are told) to marry a Dolphin.

Machines have been designed, writes J.P., for the peeling of potatoes.

The Puritans, according to a young historian, would not let their priests wear any clothes.

A third-former asks if in addition to monks there are monkesses.

Hamlet is said to have declined into a mere substance of a man.

A red squirrel, writes W.G., sat on a branch pruning himself.

E.M.A. says that she remembers living in the Stone Age.

The Triennial Act, we learn, said that Parliament must be consumed once every three years.

A member of the Lower School wants to know if the final winner of the Victor Ludorum Cup will have to buy a new cup.

J.M.H. tells us that Marlborough defeated the French at Waterloo.

A new excuse for absence—"Please sir, I went to bed with my stomach."

The Search.

They had been looking for her for a whole week now, and still they couldn't find her. At last, weary and exhausted, Youth and Age flung themselves down by the roadside and slept. As they lay there the stars appeared and twinkled down on them in a friendly manner as if they were trying to reassure the dispirited searchers. Then the moon rose, and smiled sympathetically at the sleeping man and boy, then she shook her head sadly, "They will never find her, never," she murmured.

In the morning Age was awake first and as he looked down at the clear tranquil face of his companion his lined face softened and the hard suspicious glare vanished from his eyes. "I was like that once," he murmured softly to himself. "May he never have to suffer as I have." Sighing, he leaned forward and tapped Youth on the shoulder. "Come," he said, "We must go forward again."

Once more they set out side by side. Age walked with a slight stoop, as if he carried a heavy pack upon his shoulders, but his companion darted here and there, skipping and running ahead. "Save your strength, my boy. We have a long way to go," admonished Age.

"Pooh, I don't want to walk, I want to run, so that I can find her more quickly. Tell me, why haven't we met anyone on the roads? Are you sure that we are on the correct path. I heard some laughing and singing as we passed that last lane."

"Yes, we are on the right path. Years ago, my son, when I was looking for Peace with my friend we went down that lane and we never found her. We had to return home and wait for war to devastate us again."

"Who lived down that lane? "

"Pleasure, and once you have seen her you will find it difficult to tear yourself away from her; she is very beautiful. I thought she was Peace and so did a great many other people."

"Didn't she know where Peace lived? "

"If she did, she wouldn't have told me. Pleasure does not like to lose one of her followers, no matter how insignificant he may be."

"I'm glad we didn't go and see her then. But, tell me, how did you eventually escape from her toils? "

"War released me. He is more powerful than Pleasure, indeed more powerful even than Peace, it seems."

"Never mind, Age, I will protect you, and when we do find Peace we will hold her prisoner for ever. I promise you."

"Don't be so rash with your promises. That was what I told everyone when I set out many years ago."

They walked along in companionable silence together. Suddenly Age drew Youth behind a tree, and beckoned him to be quiet. A terrible shriek rent the air.

"Where are you, where are you?" a maniacal high-pitched voice screamed. "Come out so that I can hit you back. You hit me first and now I'm going to hit you. Where are you, where are you . . ." The terrible voice faded into the distance.

"Who was that?" asked Youth.

"Revenge," answered Age grimly. "He goes about like that all the time, screaming at the top of his voice. He keeps thinking that somebody has hit him. He has a younger companion now, too, Retribution. Together they ravage the country, killing men in the hope of finding the one who wronged them. You must never see or speak to them. If you do then you have no chance of ever finding Peace."

"Can't they be imprisoned?"

"No, because no living person as ever seen them, and those who have seen them are dead."

For two months Youth and Age walked along the same road, until it seemed to them that they would never reach the end of it. One day, however, towards evening they came to a cross roads. Sitting by the roadside were a group of people. The two weary travellers approached; by now Youth had lost most of his buoyancy and walked in step with Age.

Experience hailed them first, and in a sad, sober voice bade them sit down and rest themselves. "Whom are you looking for, my friends?" he enquired. "We are searching for Peace; have you seen her?" replied Age.

"Do you think we should be sitting here if we knew where she was?" inquired Civilisation in a smug, self-satisfied voice. "I'm sure, though, that if you would all be content to follow me, then Peace would have to show herself. As it is you are merely making her conceited."

Despair, a thin worried woman, with tired sunken eyes, said forlornly, "What's the use, we shall never find her!"

Impulsively Youth broke out, "Oh yes! I'm going to find her, and then we shall all live with her for ever and ever."

"Amen," murmured the Cynic, and lay back and closed his eyes.

"We cannot stay here," said Age.

"Why not? we can all go on together in the morning," said Youth.

"No, we shall never find her if we go with all these people. She will think we come to destroy her."

Age addressed the group of people: "We must go on. If we find Peace before you do, then somehow we will guide you to her, but we cannot stay with you. Goodbye, my friends."

Experience, Despair and the Cynic tried to persuade them to stay with them, but to no avail. When they saw they were determined they shook hands with them both and turned away. Then just as the two travellers were walking off, Wisdom, a small man with humorous eyes, called to them. "One moment, Youth and Age. Listen to an old man for a short while."

He walked a little way down the road, out of earshot of the others who were lying down again. "My friends, you have found Peace for yourselves, she is in your hearts. Be content therefore and do not seek further. Every man must find her for himself."

"No, my learned friend, you are wrong. We have not found Peace. We have found Contentment through our wanderings, perhaps, but War can overcome her, for she is feeble. We must go on until we find Peace. Only she can conquer War."

Slowly and sadly Age took Youth by the hand, and they went together, side by side, down the road and passed out of sight amongst the trees; neither looked back. Their eyes were looking forward, searching, and they failed to see the old lady who slipped behind a tree as they passed. She chuckled softly to herself and followed them. "One day," she murmured, "one day perhaps they will find me."

JOAN HORSEMAN (VI).

Basic.

Before the Basic Ration came
The lanes were quiet and clear,
One heard the singing of the bird
A sound so sweet and dear.
The narrow lanes seemed much too small
For cars to come and go,
The branches of the bordering woods
Hung down so cool and low.
But now, amidst a cloud of dust,
Here comes the motor car,
And crowds of picnickers arrive,
The country-side to mar.
With paper, string, and bits of food,
And bottles scattered far,
No more the singing of the bird,
But the horn of a motor car!

SONIA SHORE (Upper IVa).

A Week's Leave.

In a letter W. G. Hunt describes how he, with two other Pilot Officers, spent a week's leave in Palestine and Syria, travelling over six hundred miles and visiting many places of interest, at a total cost for transport of six shillings. The letter is far too long to print in full, but a short summary of it may prove of interest.

The holiday began at Jerusalem where the first day was spent in sight-seeing. The old city is "the most amazing tangle of streets, steps, houses, shops, bazaars, churches and archways, and your several senses are assailed by a host of flies, shouts and smells! The new city, however, is almost unbelievably clean, and the white stone of which most of its buildings consist is dazzling in the bright sun."

On the second day the objective was Haifa. An early lift was secured in a car belonging to a general, which conveyed the travellers in comfort as far as Lydda. From here they made use of lorries for the remainder of the day. In these they "jogged happily along, watching the world go by—a strange world of camels, donkeys, Arabs in all manner of costume, Bedouins with their tents pitched by the roadside, herdsmen with their goats and sheep; women dressed in black and veiled, carrying water jugs, boxes and bundles on their heads, small children fighting, playing, laughing, crying all making up the complex picture of the East; and all indescribably dirty and singularly unattractive." From the top of Mount Carmel, a grand view of the Mediterranean was obtained and they "could not help being surprised that it was quite so blue."

The third morning saw the travellers speeding in a staff car past Acre, Tyre and Sidon, across the border into Syria, and eventually to Beirut. Here the whole of the next day was passed, visits being paid first to the American University, and later to the bathing pool, where they hired a "float" on which they paddled into the open Mediterranean. "From the sea, the pool was even lovelier than from the land. The waves breaking over the rocks and the palm trees waving gently in the breeze made the whole picture like some tropical island as depicted on the films."

Next day a succession of lorries transported the travellers up through the Lebanon Hills in the direction of Damascus. "Each turn of the road revealed some new and magnificent vista and, at last, as we crossed the highest point of the pass, we saw in the distance standing alone and magnificent, Mount

Hermon, streaked still with winter snows and capped by a halo of high, white clouds." In the Bekka Valley into which they descended, they were reminded of England, for "there were trees on either side of the road, green fields, and an occasional house dotted here and there: A stream ran along beside the road . . ." And so into Damascus. Passing along the street called Straight, they sought the silversmiths. "It is a strange but highly convenient custom that here all members of a trade should congregate in a single street. Thus, if you would have shoes, go to the street where the shoemakers are, and you will see shoes enough for the whole city in twenty yards of street. Or again, should you want a pan for the house, then there is a street where every man is a tinsmith, and his whole family from the age of four upwards have each one an appointed task."

A move was made on the sixth morning in the direction of Tiberias. From the top of a lorryload of wool, they looked down upon countless camels and donkeys on the road. "The carrying capacity of the camel is truly amazing. If you should see a haystack wider than a lorry, with the top some six feet from the ground, moving with a pronounced swaying motion along the road, be sure that there is a camel beneath . . . The donkey is perhaps even more amazing. His load is about four feet in height, six or seven wide, and four or five in length. The straw is so loaded that the top is about five feet from the ground, and the bottom has about a foot of clearance on each side of the body. There is usually, volume for volume, four times as much straw as donkey . . ." About noon they "crossed a bridge over the swift-flowing, rather unimpressive stream that is Jordan," and some time later reached Tiberias, where they spent the night in a terrific heat.

The following day brought them to Nazareth. "The streets are narrow, more like large steps, full of sharp corners and narrow arches. Each shop is itself a workshop, with the articles being manufactured within that are hanging outside." Here they encountered the only Arab lad they really liked. "He was about nine years old, bright and intelligent, completely unselfconscious, very happy, and with a great sense of humour. He tried to sell some photographs, but we persuaded him that we were very poor, flat broke, in fact. He didn't believe us at first, but we insisted that it was so, and in the end he must have been convinced, because he fished in his ragged pocket and eventually produced a two-mil piece (about a half-penny) and solemnly presented it to one of us."

On the eighth morning a lorry carried the travellers to Afoola, whence free transport in the desired direction for once failed, and they found it necessary to travel by 'bus. This vehicle, however, broke down fifteen miles short of Jerusalem, but luck returned and "a large staff car empty but for the driver, pulled up to our hail. So we returned as we had left, in Chrysler comfort, feeling that our holiday had not, after all, ended on a note of anti-climax."

The Temple.

Upon a hill-top crowned with gold,
A mass of ruins stood;
'Twas once a temple, strong and bold,
Surrounded by a wood.
Among the ruins flowers peep,
From where the mortar's been,
And now where once a well was deep
A grassy stretch is seen.

CECILY HARTWELL (Lower IVa).

The Mystery of the Old Quarry.

It was the disappearance of Mr. Gray from the village that put it into our heads to explore the old quarry. The fact that we had been forbidden to go there, added spice to the adventure.

The point we made for was a hole halfway up the North side of the quarry. After much slipping and scrambling we reached a wide ledge that jutted out under the hole. We hoisted ourselves on to it, and peered into the inky blackness of the hole. Then Evelyn switched on her torch which she had thoughtfully brought, and to our great amazement our hole turned out to be a long passage.

We cautiously crept along this until we came to quite a large cave. Immediately we stood petrified with horror, for there, in the middle of the cave was a black shape, which in the dim light of the torch, lay in the form of a body. After what seemed like hours to me, we recovered our senses and fled back down the passage as fast as we could go, convinced that we had found the missing Mr. Gray. We ran trembling home, not daring to tell our parents of our discovery for fear of being punished for going into the quarry. For months that horrible sight in the cave haunted my dreams, but gradually the episode faded from my memory.

One day two years later, when Evelyn and I were going for a walk, we chanced to pass near the old quarry. Immediately we remembered our adventure, and resolved to explore the cave again, and being older we were not afraid. On reaching the ledge, we gathered a bundle of dry grass and twisted it to make a torch. We then lit it, and made our way along the passage. At length we reached the cave, and there, gleaming white in the torch-light lay a heap of bones.

Not without a shudder, we crept nearer and examined the gruesome remains—and even now, I cannot understand how a sheep could have strayed into that narrow passage.

ANNE HEMMING (Lower IVb).

The Secret.

There's a wonderful secret my friend and I know
Of the little green wood where the blue-bells grow.
We know of the ring where the fairies dance,
And when we go past we take a glance
To see what they're doing all day long;
Whether they're dancing or singing a song.
But you must tell no one of what I've told you,
While swinging on the branch of a yew.

DOREEN AMOS (IIIa).

Now and Then.

It is a small cottage, well set in a lovely old-fashioned garden, and there is a narrow path leading to the arbour at the bottom of the garden. Delphiniums, stocks, lupins, and all the other flowers lift their brightly-coloured heads to the sun's brilliant rays. The cottage is probably well known to everybody.

The interior is as lovely as the exterior. Willow platter is stacked along the shelves, while beneath them hang brightly burnished copper-ware. Bed-warmers and various domestic articles adorn the walls. In another room, where the fireplace is empty, one may obtain a good view of the sky if one looks up the chimney. The bedrooms are delightfully old-fashioned, but the beds are really very strong. They have the bed-curtains, at which our health experts would laugh.

Let us take ourselves back to Elizabeth's reign, and take a peep at one who lives in this delightful little place. There is a young girl leaning dreamily out of the window, yet at the same time looking up the road. Suddenly the gate is swung

open and a tall youth enters excitedly with a sheaf of papers in his hand. Catching sight of the young girl he waves, and crosses over to the window. She smiles and says to him, "Well, how is the poetry progressing to-day?" He answers eagerly "Oh, Anne, listen to this," and proceeds to read to her what he has written.

The sun casts its rays on the garden, bees are heard among the flowers, and butterflies in all their brilliancy are delicately flitting from bloom to bloom.

The youth finishes reading and the girl, heaving a last sigh, says, "I must continue my work now; the time is passing quickly," and the youth, after bidding her farewell, crosses to the gate; then waving his hand he disappears down the road. Meanwhile the girl turns away from the window and commences to cook the bread for the day.

Years pass by, and we see in the tall youth a busy man. He is a famous poet and playwright, and in the girl we now see a grown woman, quiet, and yet sharing in the joy of her husband's success.

Nowadays we see crowds of people visiting this cottage in the morning and then visiting the theatre in the afternoon, for is not the cottage well known to everybody? Yes, of course it is, for it is Anne Hathaway's cottage, and the young poet was William Shakespeare.

BETTY WHITEHEAD (Lower Va).

Two Birds with One Stone.

One Saturday afternoon I had just settled down to some homework, when father came into the room to enquire if I would look after the cherry orchard for a while. After his explaining to me how busy he was and how fond the birds are of cherries, I found it impossible to refuse, so I set off down the road with some books under my arm.

Seeing the orchard for the first time this year, I noticed that some string had been passed through each tree and it all joined in the centre. There were all kinds of tins threaded on the string, so that when one took hold of it at the centre there was a terrific uproar. I took my position nearby on an old tree stump.

It was a glorious day, with the sun pouring down overhead. Some cattle were drinking the cool water from a pool and a horse was busy eating grass. On one side of the orchard

were numerous walnut trees, and the opposite side was blocked with a line of houses. Everything was so peaceful that I settled down at once to some reading, realising how much more one could enjoy a book in such beautiful surroundings, for the cherries had then turned scarlet amid their broad green leaves.

All went well for half an hour, when suddenly I heard a loud twittering in the next tree. I was quite startled, but one tug at the string sent a flock of birds flying up towards the sky, some geese and cows were scattered in all directions.

I settled back down to my book to finish the last few pages, and having done so, I would take a look around. Imagine my horror, when, glancing up, I saw twenty-four fierce eyes glaring at me; being so intent on reading I had not noticed the herd of cows gradually closing around.

My eyes fell on an opening and dashing through the trees, I made my way home. That was enough for one day.

EDNA JAMES (Upper Va).

The New Canteen.

There once was a brand new canteen,
The best in war-time I've ever seen,
Where it was built, I am sure you can guess;
Yes, that was quite right; it was A.G.S.

CONNIE WYATT (111b).

National Savings.

Owing to the General Election, the special National Savings Week arranged for, has been postponed till the autumn. One counted on this special week to bring up the weekly average for the term which has fallen considerably.

It is up to members to make good this deficiency before the end of term.

Will NON-ACTIVE MEMBERS especially, please note.

The war, and the need for saving, have not ended yet, by any means.

To date, the weekly average is £26 7s. 6d.

Scouts.

During the Easter holidays our patrol leaders met with other patrol leaders of the district, and in an afternoon of scouting, valuable experience of outdoor work was gained. The day closed with a camp fire presided over by the District Commissioner.

The outdoor work which we have had on the field this term has greatly increased the interest of the troop in semaphore, and we now have many signallers of first-class standard. In the latter half of the term we have had inter-patrol cricket matches, which have been keenly contested.

GRAY ii, Troop Leader.

Cadets.

Four of the cadets qualified in War Certificate A, part one, this term, and we are hoping for further success now that a sergeant-instructor is giving assistance to the unit. Several cadets have attended a course at Stratford-on-Avon. The summer camp is to be held at Coed-Helen, near Caernavon; we hope that the weather is going to be kind. This will be the first camp to be held near the sea; the previous camps were at Sutton Coldfield.

An enjoyable lecture on Burma was given by Major Vaughan, on June 22nd.

The annual inspection of No. 5 Company is to be held at Bidford-on-Avon on July 15th.

Lieutenant E. W. HADWEN.

Cricket.

Captain: BURNS.

This season the first eleven has held its own in every match. The bowling has been very successful and most of our opponents have been dismissed for low scores. The batting is improving steadily, but it is still the weakness of the team. We are looking forward to more hard-fought and successful games before term ends.

RESULTS.

- A.G.S. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), won, 67—48.
- v. Stratford K.E.G.S. (home), lost, 42—98.
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost, 26—29.
- v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), won, 100—22.
- v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), won, 125 for 8 (dec.)—57.
- v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), drawn, 80—42 for 6.

Football, 1944-45.

RESULT.

A.G.S. v. Redditch Cadets (home), won, 16—1.

Played.		Won.		Lost.		Drawn.
11	8	2	1

The School has been represented by Stone i, Drinkwater i, Cook, Whadcoat, Mortimer, Burns, Clark, Toye, Ore, Hancox, McCarthy i, Hadwen i, and Welch.

G.J.H.

Tennis.

Captain: B. ADAMS.

Secretary: Z. MASON.

In spite of a long period of showery weather, our activities have not been much hindered, nor has our enthusiasm been dampened. This has been proved by the results of our matches with Evesham, the only fixtures that we have so far played.

The school has been represented this season by N. Nash, J. Prosser, S. Summerhill, W. Ganderton, B. Adams and Z. Mason.

RESULTS:

A.G.S. 1st VI v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st VI (home), won, 7 sets to 2.
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st VI (away), won, 7 sets to 2.
A.G.S. 2nd VI v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd VI (away), lost, 3 sets to 6.
B.A.

For the Juniors.

Load of Mischief.

There was once a donkey whose name was Mary. She was owned by a father, a mother, three boys and three girls. The boys and girls took it in turn to exercise Mary.

Then one day a quarrel arose between the boys and girls and while the quarrel was going on, Mary quietly crept through the open gate of the field where the children were and scampered up the lane, down the drive that led to the house, round the back of the house and into the stable.

When the children stopped quarrelling, they saw that Mary had disappeared; so, in order to find her they each set off in different directions and whoever found her was to shout "Cooee," and lead her back home.

The eldest girl's way lay past the stable, so she peeped in and there was Mary placidly eating oats out of the oat bin, the lid of which she had kicked off. Jane shouted to the others and they came running to her.

They fastened two light baskets on the donkey's saddle so that they hung one on each side. Then two children climbed into each basket and two on to the donkey's broad back, and away they went. The gardener, the postman and the baker all called them "a load of mischief," and when father came home he said, "Hello! my load of mischief." Mary loved having all the children to carry.

BARBARA DRULLER (Upper Remove).

A Sad Tale.

One day my brother and I were playing ball. The ball happened to go up in the air and land in the spouting. I climbed up and when I got half way up I heard some cheeping; it came from a hole in the wall. I peeped inside and saw four little blue-tits. I got my ball and came down.

On the following Saturday, Dad and I were potting geraniums. He went to the meal-pen to get some more pots, when he opened the door and said, "Come quickly, Henry, and see what I've found"! I went to the door and in one of the flower pots I saw three baby blue-tits.

About three days later our cat came on the lawn with two baby blue-tits in her mouth. I rushed to the meal-pen, but I was too late. The other babies were dead and the mother and father were flying from tree to tree cheeping. I always think they were calling for their little ones, but no one can tell.

HENRY FEAST (Lower Remove).

If I were a Fairy.

I would wear a foxglove for my hat and rose petals for my dress, and I would have butterfly wings for fairy wings. I would sleep in the day and wake up at night; I would sleep up in a tree, but in winter I would sleep with the rabbits.

VALERIE LAUGHTON (Lower Remove).